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JOHN BULL

VOL. XXIV. No. 632. SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1918. TWOPENCE.

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

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Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

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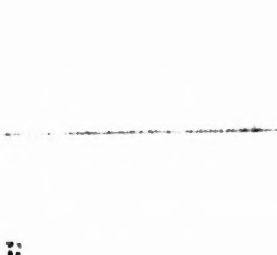

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JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Naught shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Vol. XXIV. No. 632. Week ending Saturday, July 13th, 1918. Twopence.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER.*"

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

Russia.

Watch Russia! Yes, we know we have said that before (and weren't we justified in saying it?) and we say it again. Only this time we will add—And *watch Japan!*

"Mob Ignorance."

The cry of "Intern Them All" is, according to the *Daily News*, "simply a vague appeal to mob ignorance." Three cheers for mob ignorance! Nothing very "vague" about the cry, is there?

Indian Home Rule.

In our view, this is not the time to talk about Indian Self-Government. India is not South Africa—and Mrs. Besant and her disciples will not be silenced by Parliamentary camouflage.

Lord Rhondda.

It is not very long ago that we said "Good bye" to Lord Rhondda—just before he went home, to die. And we knew it *was* good-bye. Let his epitaph be "He gave the people food"—and no man wants a better.

"Man-Power."

Surely it is time we stopped talking nonsense on this question. With America and her eight million men now in training, what earthly necessity is there for calling up our crocks of fifty?

Our Libel Action.

The hearing of the action we have brought—after much provocation—in respect of the pamphlet "Horatio Bottomley Exposed," which has been widely circulated during the past two years, has been fixed by Mr. Justice Darling for Thursday of this week.

"No Nationality."

Whilst waiting in the Courts the other day, we heard an interesting argument about a man for whom it was claimed that he had no nationality. "Must be a Hun," we whispered to Sir Edward Carson—who passed the suggestion on to the Judge.

Frank Harris.

The last we heard of this journalistic and political adventurer was that he was doing his little best to feed the fuel of pro-Germanism in America. Now we find him as editor of the New York *Pearson's Magazine*, and in the June number he tells a most amazing story, purporting to be based on special personal knowledge, of our own career. For anything more egregiously inaccurate we can only refer you to the writings generally of this superficial and chameleon-like charlatan.

Sandbagging Charles the First.

There is more behind this step than *at present* meets the eye. Now for a shrapnel helmet for Nelson!

The New Disease.

We are gradually discovering its origin. For instance, the Food Controller now authorises the sale, without coupon, of "faulty" poultry. Whew!

Major Weisberg.

Is it the fact that this officer—exposed in these columns some time ago—is now in command of a regiment in France?

Courts-Martial.

Last week we hinted at certain sinister facts behind recent Courts-Martial upon young soldiers charged as deserters. Soon we shall have something more definite to say.

Good News for the Married.

It has just been held that husbands and wives cannot, in law, libel each other. Now, then, ye married couples who have ceased to love, honour and obey—here's your chance!

The Old Story.

Long have we pleaded for a moment's pause in the work of the day for silent meditation on the war. And now the United States Senate have adopted the idea. So—even in America—"If you see it," etc.!

A Universal Birthday.

That is a fine phrase in the "Hidden Hand"—the play all London is talking about: "Every man's history commenced on the 4th August, 1914; let him show me a clean slate since that great day—and I ask no more." Nor do we.

A British Name.

Whilst unreservedly accepting the assurance of Sir Albert Stanley, President of the Board of Trade, that he is all-British, and that his only reason for abandoning his original patronymic of Knattriess was a mere matter of pronunciation, we cannot subscribe to his further declaration that Knattriess "is an old English name." Nor do we find it in the Directory.

Current News.

Here is a fair specimen of how the events of the day are recorded. It consists of two paragraphs taken from the *Evening News* and the *Star* of the same date: "A long time elapsed between the time when the air-raid warning was given and the first gunshots." "The sirens were almost immediately followed by rapid gunfire, which made the whole city shake." So is current history written!

East Finsbury.

So Pemberton Billing is to run a candidate for East Finsbury. If his man wins—and many things are more unlikely—the Government will have only itself to blame.

"Blocking Notices."

Surely it is high time that the iniquitous system which enables a Member to prevent any subject from being discussed by putting down a "Blocking Notice," were abolished. When we left the House of Commons, six years ago, Mr. Asquith was "dealing with the matter."

Mir Anwaruddin.

So this unworthy son of India has met with his deserts for the lies he told during his recent libel action against us. So perish all perjurers who by false evidence try to pilfer pelf from our purse!

"Independence Day."

Did you appreciate the irony of our wild celebration of the date on which America shook off her allegiance to Britain? What we want now is an *Inter*-Dependence Day.

Another Point of View.

An American soldier, on the other hand, puts to us this conundrum: "Does this mean they're dead glad they got rid of us, or just crazy with joy we've come back?" The answer is—the latter.

***National* "News."**

Thank goodness, we have at least one Sunday newspaper whose news (like its views) is truly national, and not doctored by political bias. We refer to the *National News*. And by the way, who was the author of that smart advertisement—"Only a penny. And better than any"? It has certainly captured *our* "d."

The Pope and Ourselves.

If all clerical critics of this journal were as broad-minded as Cardinal Bourne, we should have no complaint against "the cloth." Describing us as "a man of great gifts and great capacity, and largely listened to in this country," his Eminence gives a reasoned and courteous answer to our recent article so far as the attitude of the Pope is concerned. And there we shall leave it.

Health First.

By the way, we observe that in his official communications to his clergy, the Pope greets them thus: "Health and the Apostolic Benediction." Good Health to His Holiness!

Seth Suter, of Silton.

They were not long in killing off Seth Suter, of Silton, Dorset. He had been three times rejected for heart disease. He was called up again; passed Grade 1; drafted into the Army for General Service on May 13th; and on June 11th he was dead—of heart disease. What is the verdict against those responsible?

The Case of Bernard Pordes.

That an unnaturalised Austrian enemy should be uninterned is bad enough. That he should be carrying on business as "The United Electrical Manufacturers Company," is worse. That he should omit to mention on his business letters, &c., the fact that he is an Austrian—though of Polish descent—is still worse. That the Board of Trade should now be content with his bare undertaking to put this right, instead of popping the gentleman in gaol, is damnable.

The Miserable Starkey.

Mrs. Evaline Starkey, of Tang Hall, York, was lucky to get off with a fine of 20s. and to be bound over for six months, for assaulting a discharged soldier by striking him on his wounded jaw. It is true he was mowing *her* field, but then her field had been taken over by the North Riding War Agricultural Committee, to be worked by the Yorkshire Farmers, Ltd., because Mrs. Starkey wasn't working it. If she had been fined for not working the land, and gaoled for assaulting the ex-soldier, she oughtn't to have grumbled.

By the Palace of Plenty.

Luton Hoo is a delectable spot—if you live at Sir Julius Wernher's palace. But women of the National Land Service, drafted there, find a difference. They sleep in an implement shed. It contains no windows, but there is a manure tank and a good supply of mice. The bedding is a spread of straw. The girls pay 2s. a week each for that accommodation. The gardens at the Hoo are a feature of the county, but there is no produce for the girls. Still, they can buy skimmed milk. Lady Wernher has done much for the Red Cross. Will she look around near home?

Huns among the Hams.

When the new Alien Enemy Inquiry Committee get into their stride we recommend them to look into the startling state of Tooley Street. Here, according to our information, Huns are among the hams and the eggs, the bacon and cheese, and provisions generally in large numbers. "This trade is fully 80 per cent. alien enemies, Austrian and Germhun, part of the remaining 20 per cent. being Neutrels or doubtful," we are told—which may account for bacon going bad. That apart, when the British in the trade come home they will find very little business left. We had no idea Tooley Street harboured so abominable a smell.

A Monstrous Fine.

At the Wilmslow Petty Sessions the other day Dr. Robert McFarlane Marshall, of Newton Heath, was convicted of a breach of the Motor Spirit Restriction Order, in circumstances which would have earned him the sympathy of less hard-hearted Magistrates. The doctor had received word that his eleven-year-old son, staying at a distance, was dangerously ill, and his own car being out of order, he had procured the loan of the first motor-vehicle available to rush to the child's assistance. For this "offence" the good doctor was fined £5. A suitable penalty for the Wilmslow Magistrates would take some consideration.

Allowance for Dependents.

Mothers of colliers combed out are allotted from 25s. to 33s. weekly, compensation for loss of sons' wages, though they may still have sons and husbands at home in work. Mothers and wives of men who enlisted at the outset get 12s. 6d. at the most. A mother's two sons went voluntarily. One is a prisoner, and no one asked her if his going was a loss to her, and she has to find money for parcels. There is no equality of sacrifice in all this.

"No Children."

To a gallant ex-non-com., fifteen years' service, mentioned in despatches, and wearing two decorations, the following pretty letter was written by May and Philpot, Estate Agents, 140 and 142, Brixton Hill: "With reference to your call, we regret our client cannot accept your offer for the above house, as she prefers someone without children." We do not know who "she" may be, but we hope Parliament will, some day and soon, make the stipulation "No children" an offence against the law, as it is one against nature and morality.

For Crack Corps.

What is the price paid by taxpayers for the smart tunic-jackets of such crack corps as the Guards? The tunic is cut out, and old soldiers and soldiers' wives get the job of making-up. Sometimes 3s. is paid for a jacket, sometimes 3s. 6d. A week's work does not mean much wealth, and the pay is the same as it was when the war started. A worker daring to complain is told the jobs are given out of compassion, and there is no more work for her. Who takes all the profit?

R. A. F. Carelessness.

Supervision over stray callers at the Hotel Cecil is very lax. No credentials are asked for; the stranger just writes down his name and that of the person he wishes to see. He may be—and has been—shown into Room 450, and left there quite alone. On the walls are maps, marked "Secret." One is of the aerodromes of England. He may be—and, again, he has been—shown into another room, its door labelled "Maps," and left alone once more. In that room are maps in trays. To expose such things to chance callers is terrible carelessness.

Starvation Diet.

After Crumpsall, Kensington. At the Kensington Infirmary, even the little patients have to save a bit of bread from their tea at 4 or 5 o'clock if they wish to appease their hunger between then and six o'clock breakfast the next morning. This is really abominable. If the resident doctor and matrons and officials generally had to go hungry like that, they would raise the roof. Would it be too much trouble to heat up a basin of vegetable soup and a crust for these poor infirmary patients shortly before they have to go to bed?

A "Conchy's" Conscience.

Buckingham Tribunal granted exemption to a "Conchy" The Object, Arthur Butler, boot retailer and repairer, "could not accept any form of military service, because of the views he held as to warfare or anything whatever connected with military service." The local paper reporting this also contains an advertisement by Arthur Butler, 24, Castle Street, Buckingham, announcing he "has just received a large consignment of War-Time Boots and Shoes." The fact that War-Time Boots are connected with warfare must have been overlooked by Butler's obliging Conscience.

Wasting the Men.

It is senselessly overdoing the employment of women to engage them in shoals while keeping returned soldiers, in low categories, about camp doing nothing more important than pick up paper and fag-ends. At a Farnborough Camp seven low-category men used to cook for the officers. They were displaced by fifteen women, and are now kicking their heels on useless jobs. Here economy seems to verge on idiocy.

Work for Wounded.

The rule against opening new shops without a licence was, presumably, framed to safeguard soldiers' businesses from being stolen in their absence. But a discharged man, twice wounded, has been refused permission to carry on as a boot repairer in Redhill, at premises used for such purposes for eight years. He says he intends to stick to his shop and see what happens. We guess somebody will get a bright thought and send his licence along. It must not be withheld.

Huns on British Ships.

On a steamer of ours at Cardiff is an alleged German seaman, a yearly visitor to Stuttgart before war. Trinity House passed him as mate for a lightship, but it reckoned without the seamen, who refused to take him to sea. He is now where no German should be—on a tender, able to see every transport leaving port. In passing, we would ask why some Milford Haven men are paid less than the standard wage?. To strike is the last thing they contemplate, but they should not suffer for loyalty.

Thinking Twice.

Mr. Weiss, a naturalised Austrian, with a house at Oaklands, Surrey, had a chauffeur who has gone into munitions. He had not vacated his cottage, so Mr. Weiss brought men to break a window, force a door, and remove the front door and kitchen grate. But several hundred people of Surrey gathered round, and things looked so ugly when stones began to fly that the landlord yielded up door and grate, and will give the tenant time to move. A gentle reminder that landlords, even when naturalised, are only little tin gods.

When Money Talked.

Occasionally it is hinted that money counts in the matter of some exemptions. Before St. Albans Tribunal cash openly turned the scale. John B. Carlyon, an audit clerk, earning £400 a year, is a "Conscientious Object." He was granted exemption on condition that he paid not less than £75 yearly to St. Albans Hospital, and that he joined the Special Constables. This sordid bargain is termed a "C.O.'s Sacrifice," by a local newspaper, and the "Conchy" himself so miscalled it. Yet surely it is disgraceful that a man should secure exemption by paying for it.

Uniform Mis-Management.

The management of the Women's Police Force does not appear to be very business like—in the matter of uniforms, for example! A woman who was in the force from July to December last paid 7s. 6d. a week towards her uniform, valued at over £7, out of her total wages of £2 7s. 6d. Since she was discharged as not suitable, she has been dunned repeatedly for the balance, though the Force seems willing to square up for £5. More curious still, they are prepared to take back the uniform, sell it, and deduct the proceeds from the debt. The authorities ought to provide the things.

Bad Bagmen.

Commercial travellers in conference at Nottingham did two bad things. They refused to boycott Hun commercials after the war, and they declined to pledge themselves not to patronise German or Austrian hotels. We hope other bagmen are made of stiffer stuff. The Nottingham variety need to sit at the feet of our seamen and learn wisdom from them.

Prisoners in Harm's Way.

Whoever is responsible for putting these hordes of German prisoners to work, lightly guarded, near some of our main railway lines, should think again. In a sudden rush a few of the prisoners might get shot, but many would get to the line, and a few sleepers or working tools chucked across before a train might lead to a terrible catastrophe. Somehow—God knows how!—prisoners get to know when ammunition trains may be expected.

Story of a Poor Old Soul.

An old lady of West London earns a trifle as a cap machinist. As it is not much, and as her age is 79, she received an Old Age Pension. But it appears that she was granted £1 a month from St. James' Parish, towards the support and care of her son, who is nearly blind. A female Pensions Officer nosed out that fact; the poor old soul's pension has been stopped, and, struggling on about 10s. a week, she is threatened with proceedings to recover £52, pension "overpaid" during the last few years. In our opinion, this widow of 79 has been underpaid.

His Penny Profit.

A gentleman who sells, among other things, tea, forwards for inspection an invoice from his wholesaler. It is for 5 lbs. of tea, at the control price of 2s. 6d. per lb., total 12s. 6d. With postage, 9d., added, he has to pay 13s. 3d. He is compelled to retail the tea at 2s. 8d., so when he has sold the whole 5 lbs. he pockets a profit of one entire penny, to pay his own expenses, rent, etc.

Great Dunmow!

They cleared out the inmates from the workhouse at Dunmow, and replaced them with 250 Huns—who behaved as such. They trampled on the Master's garden, scrambled over the roof like cats, and pelted the Master with rag balls, playing hell's delight. They were so lazy that the local farmers left off employing them. Not one has been shot—by accident or otherwise.

Broken Doctors.

In the multitude of appeals to our war patriotism, we have overlooked the claims of the necessitous relatives of medical men who have lost their lives or health before being able to make adequate provision for their dependents. In these circumstances an effort is to be made on behalf of the Royal Medical Benefit Fund Guild, by means of a Garden Party at the Royal Botanic Gardens, on Tuesday next, the 16th, when the arrangements will be under the direction of Lady Alexander. We hope our readers will support the function to the best of their ability.

Midsummer Madness!

Shipbuilding not being so forward as it should be, yards are closed from July 11th to July 22nd, as so-called holidays for workmen who do not want them, and would rather not be forced to take them. It is a queer way of getting on with it.

The Double-headed Penny.

Pacifists are funny people. A while ago they were advising us to stop the war because there would be a revolution in Germany and Austria. Now Dutch Trochlstra suggests that we should stop the war because there's no hope of such a revolution. Why this change? Is it because there *is* now a chance of a revolution—anyhow, in Austria—and so Wilhelmstrasse has ordered a change of tune?

Rough.

There are times when the *Daily News* tickles us as with a feather. This is one of them. "It is understood," explains the organ of Bouverie Street, "that the Ministry of National Service will in future see to it that the men of 41 to 50 shall, roughly speaking, have the same medical treatment as was accorded to the younger men in their examinations." *Roughly speaking!* What a delicate sense of the appropriate word!

"Bullets" Holiday Prizes.

This week we are offering twenty special Holiday Prizes of £5 each. In addition, a first prize of £200, a second of £20, third of £10 and over 4,000 other prizes are to be won.

Candid Communications.

This space is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and occasionally Nonentities.

To Viscountess Rhondda, Llanwern, Monmouthshire.

DEAR LADY RHONDDA,—It is only in the belief that sympathy softens sorrow that I venture to intrude upon your grief. I know that your loss to-day is the loss of a people, and that the neediest among them would express to you, if they could, how much they owed to the ability and courage and determination of the great Food Controller who did so much to protect them from the worst demands of those who, without pity and without patriotism, had settled themselves down to grind the faces of the poor. Lord Rhondda broke his strength in great and tireless national service. Be assured he has not broken it without grateful recognition of his sacrifice. JOHN BULL.

To Superintendent Derham, Blackpool Police.

DEAR SUPER,—I see that the Chief Constable of Blackpool is to join the Army, and in case you should apply for the job it may be as well if once again I jot down what I think of you. The other day you stood a prisoner suffering from heart disease on his head to see if he was shamming, and shortly afterwards the poor fellow died. This, therefore, is to inform all whom it may concern that in my opinion you are unsuited for any position of authority in a police force, least of all for the supreme command. If you do apply for the vacant post, this is about the truest testimonial you will get.

JOHN BULL.

To John E. Walsh, Esq., Secretary, Irish Unionist Alliance.

SIR,—With what joy have I discovered that you are now of military age—so that your superb pugnacity, hitherto employed against your own countrymen, can at length be used against the common foe! If you are not off to the wars at once there will, of course, be some good reason for it; but, all the same, it will be an awful pity. A man with your fine combative spirit needs some better employment than killing his next-door neighbours with his mouth.

JOHN BULL.

To Sir Charles Mathews, Director of Public Prosecutions.

DEAR SIR CHARLES,—I venture to suggest that you should keep a closer eye on the leaders of the pro-German group, especially Philip Snowden, Blackburn's traitorous M.P. If to express "admiration" of Irish disloyalty and openly to rejoice at the "eminent success" of the anti-conscription movement, is not a crime under the Defence of the Realm Act, it comes very near it, and a man uttering such sentiments needs watching. These treacherous fanatics have been given far too much rope. It is time to jerk the noose. JOHN BULL.

To Dr. Adolf Hegnauer.

DEAR ALIEN,—You are said to be of Swiss nationality, but I don't like your name and I don't like your manners. In the divorce proceedings recently concluded you were proved guilty of misconduct with an English woman, from whom, to your shame and hers, you had accepted large sums of money. Your behaviour throughout had been of a scandalous description. Perhaps, therefore, without waiting for the Order of the Boot, you will at once get away to your own country or anywhere else where such names as yours are fashionable. JOHN BULL.

To Messrs. Russell and Sons, Road, Somerset.

GENTLEMEN,—I have read your advertisement for "a thoroughly capable and energetic man," but I don't think I shall worry you for the job. Must take on a 25-acre farm with ten cows; be a top-hole brewer capable of mashing ten times a week and take entire charge of the job; know the law of licensing from A to Z; direct repairs; buy as keen as mustard and manage like a genius; organise the forces and keep an eagle eye on the foreman; get even with the authorities on excess profits tax; drive a four-ton lorry "or be willing to learn"; ride a motor-cycle "to visit branches and manage public-houses." I won't ask you what the salary for this massive job really is, but can't you find anything for the man to do in his sleep?

JOHN BULL.

To John Kelly, Team-owner, 24, Oakes Street, Liverpool.

SIR,—Five pounds and costs! I don't know what the Wallasey Magistrates were thinking of. Here you were in their Court, obviously a callous brute by temperament and habit, charged 22 times and convicted 17 times of cruelty to animals, and now when they had to punish you for another of your brutalities to a horse, all they could bring their minds to was to make you pay a fiver. Don't forget, however, "If you appear again you are to be sent to gaol"; in which case I hope it will be many moons before you come out again. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. David Mason, M.P. for Coventry.

DEAR GAS-BAG,—So proud are you of your oratory that you recently published a book of your own speeches, but unfortunately your constituents at Coventry are by no means pleased with you—your references to the speech of Herr von Kühlmann being warmly resented. Unless you mend your ways, I am afraid you will find yourself between two fires. The House of Commons will "send you to Coventry," and Coventry will send you to—Timbuctoo! JOHN BULL.

To Arthur Damsell, Esq., Chairman of Messrs. Pelling, Stanley and Co., Ltd., Liverpool.

DEAR MR. DAMSELL,—I don't agree with the answer you gave when presiding at the mass meeting of grocers and provisioners at Manchester. "What would have been the prices," you said, "of all kinds of provisions to-day, with such stocks as are in the country, if these stocks had been owned by traders instead of by the Ministry of Food? They would have been much lower." Well, I don't believe it. The Food Control did not touch a single ounce of food for sale till the provision trades had sandbagged and plundered with impunity everybody who needed it. No, there are some tales we only tell to the marines. Yours is one, Damsell.

JOHN BULL.

THE OLD WOMAN IN THE SHOE.

STATE HELP FOR POOR WITH LARGE FAMILIES.

By Charles Palmer (*Assistant Editor*).

"ARMS and the Man," sang a certain classical writer. Well, what is wrong with "Babes and the Woman"? All this talk of Welfare work is very well in its way. Good food for expectant mothers, the proper care of the young child—excellent, my friends, excellent. But what about the cost of up-bringing? The toll of war is the most ghastly aspect of this world-conflict. Money is, after all, dross; human life is human blood—a precious commodity. And it is the duty of the State to see to it that the women of this beloved country of ours, whose maternal instinct is deep and lasting, are not discouraged in the supreme duty of making good the waste of man-power.

"Easier to Rear a Large Family."

There was a time when our sleek-garbed clerics made pulpit protest against the improvident poor—when it was counted almost a crime to possess a small purse and a large family. War, which has changed our sense of values in so many things, is beginning to put the fruitful woman in her right place—and it is the business of every man who has any influence on public opinion to use that influence to the glory of motherhood. Heaven forbid that in this supreme matter of ensuring a new and healthy generation we should copy the decadent methods of the Hun. I am no advocate for legitimatising illegitimacy; I am no preacher of the doctrine of free love. But I do say we must make it easier for the man and woman of small means to rear a large family, to rear that family in healthy surroundings, and with a chance of seeing their children "making good" with fairer prospects than fell to their lot. This, I know, is an old—a very old—question, persistently asked and never practically answered. Yet if the State wants children—and a nation without children must perish—the New Britain must not only face the question and answer it, but answer it in the right way. It must never again treat its children, or allow them to be treated, as more or less of a nuisance. In the cradles of to-day are the citizens of to-morrow, and the mothers of our crowded squares and wretched alleys and mean streets must be helped to make worthy citizens of their children. As significant as it is earnest and dignified is the letter to us of a British mother: "I am only a poor working man's wife, the mother of eleven children, eight sons and three daughters; the eldest, a boy of 18, just joined up, and the youngest ten weeks, all British-make. Seven of these children are under 12 years of age. I have to be washerwoman, dressmaker, cook and general slave for this large family, not being able to pay for help. I am not begging. I do not want charity; but if the State would help I would accept. Every one of these children, thank God, is the picture of health, and will, I hope, be able to serve their country in one way or another. I was saying to my eldest boy how hard it was to have made the sacrifice for him to be apprenticed and have to be taken before I had any benefit of it. 'Mother,' said the lad, 'it's not what will the country do for me, but what can I do for the country?' So I said no more." There speaks the fine son of a fine mother. Britain has thousands of sons and mothers as poor and as fine.

Stuff that has Made Our Empire.

No one can read that letter without a glow of pride in the boy who so clearly saw his duty and in the mother who was silenced by the patriotic appeal of her eldest born. That is the stuff which has made our country and our Empire what it is. And the day is passed when we can shrug our shoulders and ignore a pressing and an insistent question. That mother of eleven is one of the glories of England. She has played her part nobly, but the day has come when she is compelled to ask herself "To what purpose?" Let there be no mistake—this is not a problem which the war has made; it has only emphasised it. What is the answer to her appeal? Has she any claim upon the State? Don't be shocked? If this is Socialism, well, as the great Lord Salisbury once said: "We are all Socialists now." How are we to deal with the poor with large families? We know the nursery rhyme of the Old Woman who had so many children she didn't know what to do.

A Trinity of Tragedies.

There are thousands such to-day. When we start to build up the Kingdom anew, the State must give them a chance—a chance with help at the beginning and equality of opportunity with well-to-do lads all the way. Then, and not till then, will it be for Britain and her Empire a truth—no longer a jest or a derision—that "As arrows are in the hand of a mighty man, so are the children of the youth; happy is the man that hath his 'quiver full of them." To be poor; to have many children, and to be unhappy—that in very surety is a trinity of tragedies from which any man or any woman may well shrink with something akin to terror. Sometimes I wonder whether we shall ever understand the reality of this problem. The war has devastated the town and the countryside. We need to build up a new and vigorous race which shall uphold the honour and dignity of the British Empire. Never let it be said that the British mother is not wanted—that the man with his quiver full is despised and rejected.

A PUBLICAN'S PROTEST.

BREWERS' HIGH-HANDED PROCEEDINGS.

A Scottish licensed victualler, having a disputed account with a firm of Brewers and Distillers, has been most unfairly treated. It appears that in some way or other a two-gallon jar of whisky had gone astray in transit, the publican being debited with a charge of £2 16s. in respect of goods which, as he claims, he had never received. The innkeeper was persistently dunned for the money. In the ordinary way the dispute might have been referred to the Sheriff's Court for decision, but the brewers preferred a more drastic solution. With an utter indifference to their customer's interests, they proceeded to cut off his supplies, the result being that he has had practically to close down his business. However, taking his stand on principle, friend Boniface still declined to settle a claim which he believed to be unjust, and in his extremity he at length appealed to the Advisory Committee on Customs and Excise. The official reply contained cold comfort. "If you are unable to come to an amicable arrangement," wrote the Secretary, "it is open for you to apply for a Certificate of Transfer in accordance with the provisions of the attached memorandum." As a matter of fact, the "attached memorandum" was obligingly left out of the envelope; but in any case the advice was useless. "They might as well tell me to apply to the moon," laments the aggrieved publican. "I can get no other firm to give me anything, as they have nothing to spare after supplying their own customers." The obvious conclusion is that, as long as the publican is confined to a single source of supply, the "controller" of the trade should compel the brewers to play the game with their customers. With such high-handed proceedings as we have described the public will have scant sympathy.

DANGER AND INJUSTICE.

SCANDAL AT MUNITIONS WORKS.

In view of the importance of enforcing stringent precautions in regard to the risk of explosion, we must confess that a most unsatisfactory state of things exists at a certain Hereford Munition Works. We recognise that the taking of matches into the factory must be regarded as a serious offence. But the way in which punishment is being distributed is grotesquely unjust. For example, the other day a foreman was fined £5 by the Hereford Bench for having a match in his rain coat. The same day, in the same Court, even-handed Justice sent a mere workman to prison for six weeks in the third division for a similar piece of carelessness. In another case the stump of a match, without brimstone on it, was found in the lining of a man's waistcoat. Incredible as it may seem, he was sent to gaol in the third division for one month. In a similar case a poor girl got three weeks. *Meanwhile officials, many of whom actually smoke near the danger zone, are never searched at all.* The excuse that to have officials searched would destroy discipline is too thin. In the first place, what sort of discipline can there be when the men see their bosses openly flouting the law?

Then, again, we have yet to learn that to be a munition official gives anyone the rights of an Army officer in relation to his men. Nor, apparently, are they considered to have his code of honour. When the authorities go so far as to manufacture criminals to safeguard the lives of men, we think they might go so far as to outrage the dignity of civilian officials by searching their pockets. We think they would find quite a lot of matches. To our mind, the best plan would be to search everybody, small and great, outside the factory, and punish a breach of the regulations with instant dismissal.

WILSON'S WITCHING WIDOWS.

A SEASIDE AGENT'S HUMAN WAR STOCK.

One would imagine by the advertisements of Theo. Wilson, the Worthing matrimonial agent, and the letters which he writes to prospective customers, that he has not only a fine show of widows in stock, but that he is doing a roaring trade in the goods. Here is one of his latest epistles to an inquirer who was curious to learn why a "widow, 47, well educated, private income £400 a year," should find it necessary to solicit applications for her hand through "Box ——." of a Birmingham newspaper. "In reply to yours," says Theo. in his airy way, "my client is a widow, age 47, well connected, with private income £400–£500 a year. I also have a suitable lady, age 50, with £300 a year, well worth your attention, and many others from 40 years up to 60 years." Mark you, Theo. does not exhibit any individual sample as a general indication of the style, quality and finish of his general stock at the first time of asking. The essential preliminary is one-guinea deposit, "and £5 5s. when suited."

What puzzles us is where he collects the wondrous widows. He seems to grow them like gooseberries; the more you pluck the more they come. "Upon receipt of P.O. 21s. and your promise to pay balance when suited," says the grower, "I will at once place you in direct communication with these two ladies, also any number of others you may desire." Enough for a harem, in fact, if harems were legal; but perhaps that's not Theo's affair anyway. Cash for goods he insists upon; you pay your money and you take your choice. This is so that "I may keep my books from adventurers and triflers of both sexes," says Theo. And adventurers and triflers in Theo's line of trade are probably hardly fewer than those who sit in the seat of the scornful.

THE "REVUE" OF EXEMPTIONS.

(A Civil Service Song-Scena.)

"Although the Army's wanting men,
We still remain to push the pen;

If they *must* have the men somehow,
Why, let them take them from the plough!"

MANNERS OF THE MILITARY.

HOUSES SEIZED WITHOUT RENT OR COMPENSATION.

There is no "If you please" or "By your leave" about the methods of the War Office in commandeering private dwelling-houses. In a case reported from the Midlands, notice was given in the following terms: "I, Herbert Edwardes Irwin, being a Competent Military Authority under the said Regulations, do hereby give you formal notice that I take possession of all those Two Dwelling Houses known as 4 and 5, Grosvenor Road, Wrexham, as from noon to-morrow." The houses, though temporarily vacant, were eligible properties, usually returning a substantial rent. The facts of the situation were summed up in a letter to the owner from her solicitors, who informed her that the military authorities "will pay no rent on the ground that their taking the premises over does not put you to any financial loss, inasmuch as they are empty at present. They will of course not require you to do anything to them, and will undertake to leave the property in as good a state as they find it." Possibly the owner may have been relieved to learn that she was not expected to put the houses into a brand-new state of repair. But, in the course of their occupation, the military have allowed the premises to go to rack and ruin, and now, when their comfort is affected, they have the cool audacity to ask the owner to put the rent-free premises in repair at her own expense. Should the lady stand firm in her refusal to do so, as we hope she will, she may count on a large measure of public sympathy.

Take another instance—from Teddington. A woman's boarding-house was commandeered at a few days' notice. Her living is gone, and not a penny of compensation has come, up till now. Meanwhile, not far away is an empty house belonging to somebody not English by birth. The dispossessed lady would like to take it, but there seems to be preference for its standing unlet. Could not the War Office do a deal there?

TRAGIC DELAYS.

GRAVE REFLECTION ON BIRMINGHAM HOSPITALS.

Inquiring into the death of a ten-year-old girl from peritonitis, a Birmingham Coroner's jury added a rider to their verdict that "the case was not dealt with in a satisfactory manner by the authorities of the Queen's and the Children's Hospital." On a survey of the facts, this censure appears to have been more than justified. On a Wednesday morning, between 11 and 12 o'clock, little Maud Meredith, the daughter of a discharged soldier, was found by her doctor to be suffering, as he thought, from acute appendicitis, and ordered to be removed to the Children's Hospital for an immediate operation. Armed with a note from the doctor, the parents first took the child to the main hospital premises in Ladywood Road, but there for some reason or other the patient, whose condition by this time was critical, could not be received, and the parents were referred to the Out-Patient Department in Steel House Lane. Here the result was no better. At neither of these centres, it appears, was there a doctor available for the reception of urgent cases, and after a two hours' search, during which the little patient was steadily getting worse, the only advice obtainable was that of a porter at the Out-Patients' Department, who suggested an application to the Queen's Hospital. Still, painful to relate, no relief was forthcoming. After further delays, it was announced that there was no bed available at the Queen's Hospital, the House Surgeon finally arranging for the child's admission to the Selly Oak Infirmary—where, too late to save her life, an operation was performed. Whether or not prompt surgical attention might have restored the little girl to her parents was a question which the Coroner's jury naturally were unable to answer with certainty, but their verdict is a serious reflection upon the management of the Children's and Queen's Hospitals, where, apparently, no proper facilities exist for the reception of urgent surgical cases.

PROTECT THE FISHERMEN.

APPALLING LOSSES AMONG OUR TRAWLING FLEETS.

The Admiralty arrangements for the defence of our fishing fleets leave a lot to be desired, and many trawler owners are up in arms over the apparent indifference of the authorities. We have reason for stating that from a single East Coast port no fewer than 183 vessels, apart altogether from those engaged in mine-sweeping and patrol work, have been lost since the commencement of the German submarine campaign. The public have a right to demand efficient protection for the "toilers of the deep," whose untiring efforts are a vital factor in the food supply; and it is urgently necessary in the national interest that some means should be found to prevent the deplorable waste involved in the sinking of vessels which, with a little more care and foresight, might be safely brought to port. By the way, what becomes of the fish caught by the armed trawlers, which are under naval control? Does it find its way to the general market; and, if so, what happens to the proceeds?

BANKS AND THEIR STAFFS.

EMPLOYEES' WAR BONUS REDUCED BY ONE-HALF.

Now that the Banks are busy with their half-yearly balances, Directors will be rubbing their hands in glee over another enormous increase in profits. At this time, those Directors might give some thought and attention to the salaries of their staffs—for Bank clerks, who have the handling, collecting, and controlling of many millions, are almost alone in having as a class received no substantial increase in wages since the war began. On their shoulders have fallen the vastly laborious work entailed in the issue of War Loans. The Banks have received a percentage from Government on the millions subscribed, and that percentage in itself is a very large item of extra profit. But the clerks and staffs have had no extra remuneration. It is true they have been granted one bonus, but a bonus does not count towards pension, nor does it in any appreciable extent meet the increased cost of living. In addition to that, in some instances even the one pitiful bonus is being withdrawn by a moiety. Good servants, whose honesty must be above question and who are, therefore, a valuable asset to the community, surely deserve better treatment than that.

A COOL PROPOSITION.

FINANCIAL ADVENTURER'S LATEST MOVE.

The following attractive announcement lately appeared in the advertisement columns of several Midland newspapers:—

> Having good selling agent wanted for Leicester and district by well-established and respectable London Mercantile Company; salary £150 and commission; or alternative agreement will be arranged; cash security £250 fully secured on shares of the Company. Replies to H. T. Edwardes, Esqrs., Sackville Street, Piccadilly, W.

It appears that H. T. Edwardes, Esq., is none other than our old friend Hanbury-Taylor-Edwardes, the lordly financial adventurer, whose impecuniosity and shady devices we have frequently exposed. In general, Edwardes acts as an agent for certain principals, and in the present instance he was in no hurry to disclose the name of his principals. Inquirers were informed that Edwardes had "full authority from the Company to appoint the agents," the concern in question being "a firm of general merchants," and "in every way a serious house." Nevertheless, we should want a great deal more information than Mr. Hanbury-Taylor-Edwardes is disposed to afford, before we agreed, upon the terms proposed, to entrust £250 or two hundred and fifty pence to a firm represented by Messrs. of Sackville Street.

CROWNING INFAMY AND

German Princess and the Hidden Hand

By THE

SURVEYING the events of the past week, two matters, as I write, are outstanding. First of all, there is the greatly improved news from the Western Front—from which one is encouraged to hope that Germany has spent her strength and that Foch is about to resume the offensive. It may, of course, be that, on the other hand, the enemy is making exceptional preparations for a final stroke; but, at the same time, the Allies have the double advantage, first, of a much-needed opportunity to consolidate their defences, and, secondly, of getting hundreds of thousands more American soldiers into the line. In either event, therefore, I begin to breathe more freely as to the military outlook over the water, and to entertain the hope that the day is rapidly approaching when, if the war is not ended, it will for all practical purposes have been decided. Leaving that subject for the moment, the other matter I have in mind is of a less satisfactory character. I refer to the renewed evidences of weakening on the part of the Government; and I am certain that the Bill now being introduced to prolong the life of the present Parliament for a further six months will be the last measure of the kind we shall see. Dry rot has undoubtedly set in. Apart from the bungling over the Page Croft and the National Party affairs—to which I refer in more detail later—and the remarkable indifference to the Leverton Harris disclosures, and the trifling and dallying with the alien peril, there has been that extraordinary confession of helplessness on the part of the Minister for Agriculture to retain the necessary men to get in that harvest the growing of which was to be made the first consideration of the nation, and the gathering of which is now admittedly to be jeopardised for the fantastic calling up of 15,000 men, who are to be bundled and hustled into the firing-line almost before they have had time to discard their agricultural outfits. And their places are to be taken by broken-down soldiers, women and children—a nice team to deal with the modern and complicated methods of harvesting! But over and above all these things comes the startling and latest revelation of the power of the Hidden Hand.

A Damnable Insult.

And now for this crowning infamy—this damnable insult to the conscience of the country, to our Allies, and to the men in the trenches. Here is the announcement, taken from the *Times*:—"Among the aliens to whom certificates of naturalisation have been granted during June is H.S.H. Princess Loewenstein Wertheim, who is re-admitted to British nationality. She is described in the *Gazette* as 'Anne of Loewenstein Wertheim Freudenberg, of independent means, 8, Upper Belgrave Street, Westminster, London.' The date of her taking the oath of allegiance was June 11th last. The Princess was Lady Anne Savile, daughter of the fourth Earl of Mexborough, and she married Prince Loewenstein-Wertheim in 1897; he died in 1899." Do you realise what this means? Let me enlighten you. This Princess Loewenstein-Wertheim is the woman who in October last was prosecuted and heavily fined for violating the Regulations under the Aliens Restriction Order—passed for the express purpose of keeping an eye on the movements of enemy aliens—and with travelling from her home in London to Leeds and Manchester without first obtaining a Permit from the police, she being a German subject. She was arrested at the Victoria Hotel Manchester, in consequence of a communication received by the police from the Secretary of some firm engaged in aeroplane construction of whom the Princess had made inquiries as to the cost of an aeroplane capable of seating four persons. At the trial it transpired that on 24th September last the Princess left London on a visit to her sister, Lady Savile, at Carforth, near Leeds (a few miles from the camp at Lofthouse Park where von Plessen is interned), and then went on to Manchester and stayed at the Victoria Hotel, where she filled up a registration form describing herself as "Evelyn Ellis, of British nationality, 118, Porchester Terrace, London." As a matter of fact, no such address exists, and the whole of the particulars given in the hotel form which she filled up were false. Continuing the story of the trial, it was alleged that by an arrangement made over the telephone she went to a certain aeroplane works and there saw two officials, of whom she inquired if they would make for her a machine "capable of carrying four passengers, the engines to be of 200 horse-power, and delivery to be made within a month." The type of aeroplane she wished to order, it was pointed out, could be kept in the air at least ten hours, and would be capable of flying across the North Sea, and could of course have been used for carrying away German officers who escaped from internment camps in this country. The Works Manager of the aeroplane factory swore that when the Princess called to see him she refused to give her name and address, and stated she wanted them to make her an aeroplane "to seat four, one of a type in which the occupants could not be seen." The price mentioned was between £2,000 and £3,000, and in response to an inquiry as to when the machine could be delivered, she was told that it would be in not less than six months—to which she replied, "That is too long to wait." And what was the Princess's explanation? That she "wanted the machine so as to assist in war work; she wanted to help the war on behalf of the country"! I need not point out that no private person is entitled during the war to own or fly any aeroplane.

A Sudden Inspiration.

Can you, then, wonder that the suspicions of the aeroplane firm were aroused, and they felt it incumbent upon them to communicate with the police? And this is the woman who on June 11th last was re-admitted to British nationality! Mark the fact that she had been a widow for 19 years, during which period she had never taken any step to divest herself of German allegiance and Hunnish taint—and that *it was only when the von Plessen scandal was coming to light, and the agitation for the internment of all enemy aliens was coming to a head, that she was suddenly inspired with the desire to resume her British nationality.* And even then, you will observe, she prefers to retain her Teutonic patronymic of von Loewenstein-Wertheim—thereby doubtless obtaining social precedence over ladies of pure British antecedents. I repeat, it is an abominable insult. Just reflect: consider the woman's offence. First of all, she violates the Regulations under which she is permitted to retain her liberty, and goes down to her own sister's house—travelling under a false name and with a false address. This house, as we have shown, was within a few miles of Lofthouse Park Camp, where Mrs. Leverton Harris' *protégé* von Plessen is interned. Then she proceeds to Manchester—filling up falsely in every respect the registration form, and commences her inquiries for an aeroplane, which, from the particulars given, would be clearly capable of crossing the North Sea and spiriting away escaped prisoners. Who will listen for a moment to the twaddle about wishing to help this country in the war? How *could* the acquisition of such an aeroplane by this German Princess have been of any assistance to Britain? And why was it to be so constructed as to conceal its passengers? And why was it to be delivered within so short a time? Remember, here is the sister of Lady Mary Savile, the ex-wife of Mr. Walter Harris, the brother of Mr. Leverton Harris—and at whose house Mrs. Leverton Harris stayed when on some of her visits to her "half-English boy," von Plessen, at the internment camp. For 19 years—after the death of her husband—she had been content to remain a subject of the Kaiser, and all she had done during that period to entitle her to a special claim to re-admission to British citizenship was to violate the law in war-time, and to commit offences for which many people of less "exalted" rank have been sent to gaol. And now, by that wonderful working of the mysterious Hidden Hand, she suddenly emerges once more as a British citizen, still retaining her German title. By this means she regains the full liberty of action of a British subject, frees herself from the restrictions which she so flagrantly disregarded, and rids herself of police supervision. Whose is the hand which has brought about this transformation and struck so vile a blow in the face of public opinion? Is it the same hand as that which sought special privileges for Mrs. Leverton Harris' visits to her German friend, Leopold von Plessen; the same hand

D DAMNABLE INSULT!

Ministers Advise. Mrs. Leverton Harris!

EDITOR.

which naturalised the aristocratic Society painter Laszlo after the declaration of war; which, "in the best interests of the City," naturalised Baron Bruno von Schröder; the same hand which for so long protected von Bissing, the brother of the murderer of Nurse Cavell; the same hand which delayed the blockade of German goods; the same hand which declined to make cotton contraband; the same hand which keeps enemy Princes still on the roll of British peers; the same hand which keeps open the German banks; the same hand which retains German-born members of His Majesty's Privy Council; the same hand which perpetuates the Teutonic taint in all our Government Departments, and, finally, which still hesitates to sign the edict for the internment of all enemy aliens in this country? In the name of Heaven, I ask: Whither are we drifting? Here is a woman, closely allied to a Minister of the Crown, who as recently as October last was convicted of grave offences against laws specially passed for the protection of this country, and has been, to say the least of it, suspected—and I say it with deliberation—of planning and scheming for the escape of German prisoners, and who for nearly twenty years had elected to retain her German nationality, suddenly re-admitted to British citizenship, whilst many an honest English girl, decoyed into a German marriage, is ostracised by those of her own flesh and blood, and harried by the authorities. Do I use language too strong when I say that this is the crowning infamy of callous Government indifference to the sentiments of the nation, and an insolent challenge to the patience of law-abiding citizens? No wonder Mr. Pemberton Billing—with all his eccentricities of manner and of method—can get hundreds of thousands of signatures to his Petition to the King to exercise his prerogative and remove this alien cancer from our midst. But such a step avails nothing. We have to cut it right away, and I warn the Government that it is living in a fool's paradise if it thinks that its present policy of *laisser faire* can continue.

The Leverton Harris Case.

I have no intention of labouring this unsavoury topic, but in view of the above "revelations," I must give one further short chapter. A few days ago I received the following letter, written on Harrod's Stores paper:—

> Mrs. Leverton Harris will not even waste her own notepaper to defy you. Her husband is determined to retain his position, and his answer to you is to do your worst.

Although this document seemed to possess the ring of genuineness, in accordance with the invariable custom of this journal an opportunity was at once afforded to the reputed writer to disclaim its authorship. Accordingly, one of my representatives called at the house of Mrs. Leverton Harris, and was fortunate enough to find her at home. I do not say that she was "At Home" to him in the usual social sense, but when the door was opened she was "discovered"—as they say in theatrical parlance—standing in the hall in animated conversation with an elderly lady friend. Who this particular lady was I cannot say—unless, indeed, Lieut. von Plessen's mother's aunt has suddenly returned from America! And now let me give my representative's version of the interview:—

"I saw Mrs. Leverton Harris. She says she knows nothing about the letter at all, and it was certainly not written by her, or anyone in her household so far as she knew. She thought it was fair of us to inquire about the letter, and further said that the only result of our articles was to reveal to her dozens of friends she had never thought she possessed. She had, however, received many anonymous letters of abuse. The elderly lady present said: 'We have been advised by both Liberal and Conservative Ministers to ignore the whole matter, and we intend to do so.'" Now, note that phrase—"We have been advised by both Liberal and Conservative Ministers"—and you doubtless remember how Mr. Asquith and his friends backed up Mr. Lloyd George in whitewashing Mr. Leverton Harris. What a game it is! In the same way, both sides of the House seem to have entered into a conspiracy in regard to the action of General Page Croft in exposing the methods of the Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Blockade—described by both the Prime Minister and Mr. Asquith as "unworthy." I consider that the raid on the offices of the organisation of which General Page Croft is president was an outrage and a distinct breach of the privileges of Parliament. There is not a man in public life to-day—certainly not an M.P. or an Editor—who is not made the recipient of confidential information based upon documents whose disclosure brings him within the purview of the Official Secrets Act. But when you have miserable scandals and devious dealings in high places, the only way to exposure very often is by a technical breach of rules and regulations. General Page Croft was thoroughly justified in using the copies of correspondence which came to him anonymously—without them he could not have disclosed the disgraceful business with which is involved the good name and Parliamentary position of Mr. Leverton Harris. But you see the game. The Minister is whitewashed, and the honest member who exposes the scandal is condemned. His offer to hand the correspondence to the Government is ignored; a "competent military authority" prefers to indulge in methods of intimidation and raid his offices. That was a scandalous proceeding and if the House of Commons has any lingering regard for its own dignity and any concern for the liberties it is supposed to uphold, it will even yet record in language, plain and unequivocal, its condemnation of this new form of intimidation. A Member of Parliament is in a specially privileged position; it is a position which enjoins upon him a great sense of responsibility and should make him very careful not to abuse it. But it is his duty, when he finds such a scandal as that of Commander Leverton Harris's use of his influence to secure valuable concessions for his own firm, to expose it openly in the House for all men to see and understand. And the steps taken by a military raid, to browbeat and to intimidate General Page Croft, raise a question of the supremest importance to Parliament, which, with all respect to my friend Mr. Speaker, is very much a "court of law."

What Snowden May Do.

And, just in the same way, a matter of utmost concern to the High Court of Parliament is involved in the protest made the other day by the member for East Herts. You may not like his methods. You may argue that he could have made his point without being carried out of the House. But what was his point? It was that the House of Commons still tolerated a system under which any member—however insignificant or unpatriotic—could stifle the free expression of opinion on any conceivable subject by putting down what is called a blocking motion. And now that Mr. R. D. Holt has secured what I regard as the odorous notoriety of reviving the blocking motion, in order to prevent a debate on the alien question, who can say where this vicious business will end? You can conceive those two worthy patriots, Macdonald and Snowden, trying to engineer a shameful patched-up peace with the aid of some shady Bolsheviks in Stockholm, and at the same time putting down a motion which would prevent any patriotic M.P. raising the matter in debate and exposing their dirty and nefarious designs. That is what may happen any day, and that it was against which the man who was carried out of the House by four stalwart attendants made his, if you like, hysterical but effective protest. Members may be very delighted to have got rid for a time of "P.B.," but I see the ghost of the blocking motion already haunting the Parliamentary benches. The sooner I get back to the House and put an end to all this nonsense the better. What a lot of things I shall have on my hands! But I am not there yet, and I am wondering, whether, after all, the Editorial Chair of this journal does not constitute a better Tribunal of the people than even a seat in Parliament. But that is another question, with which I shall probably be dealing more fully at an early date. Meanwhile, be on your guard against what I am fully persuaded is an insidious conspiracy on the part of vested political interests to bluff and fool the public. It is surely time this Hidden Hand was ruthlessly exposed and cut off from the body politic.

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

BRIG.-GENERAL PAGE CROFT, M.P.

Good mornin', General. I was 'opin' you might drop in. I've bin wantin' to see you fur some days and wonderin' w'ether it would be my luck. But let's git to bizness first. . . . *A close trim?* Right, sir. Leave it to me. . . . Now, sir, I don't know w'ether you're aware of it, but you're gittin' yoreself disliked by the Guv'ment. You're arskin' too many awkward questions in the 'Ouse; and unless they kin find a way of discreditin' you an' shuttin' you up, they'll be offerin' you a Ministerial job in the 'opes of muzzlin' you *thet* way. But it strikes me they'll find you a pritty 'ard nut to crack. Givin' 'im every due fur 'is earnestness and sincerity, I don't think you're likely to make sich a bloomer as wot Pemberton Billing did in the 'Ouse the other day. You kin keep *yore* temper. That's w'ere he's played into the 'ands of the Guv'ment and them wot 'ave sich kindly feelin's towards the 'Uns. But you ain't likely to make sich a "fool per" as thet. Minjer, they'd goad yer into makin' a false move if they could—*but they mustn't.* You see, you've exposed the secret conduct of a member of the Guv'ment—and all the other placemen, thinkin' it might be their turn next, put their backs up an' snarls. It ain't loyalty to a collegue wot actuates 'em, but the sense o' self-preservation. So, instead of 'intin' thet Leverton 'Arris 'ad better resign gracefully (w'ich you would 'ave thought 'is own sense of honour would 'ave made 'im do) they 'as a raid made on yore premises to see if they can't find a way of blackenin' *yore* character. Dirty, I calls it. And to see the way the two Front benches 'ung together in the affair, and Old Man Asquith rose burstin' with indignation to think thet a private Guv'ment document 'ad found its way into yore 'ands, was simply sick'nin'. As a matter o' fack, sir, the public is gittin' a bit impatient with the way the Guv'ment treats members wot rise to ask questions in the interest of patriotism and national security. But you stick to yore guns, sir. You've won the first round. Even the Guv'ment seemed a bit ashamed that yore premises 'ad bin raided, 'cos they tried to shove the responsibility on to wot's called "a capable military authority." Did jew ever 'ear sich piffle? It's the same with this enemy aliens question, and the Guv'ment would do anythink to stop it bein' exposed. Thet's w'y Pemberton Billing was suspended first chance 'e giv' 'em. 'E was goin' to raise the alien question again, and some Guv'ment toerag shoved down a "blockin' motion," so as to stop the debate and make 'im lose 'is temper. Unfortunately, 'e fell into the trap. So I warns *you* to be careful, sir. The Guv'ment looks on you as a dangerous man. You ask too many awkward questions. You 'ave committed the unpardonable sin of exposin' the mean trick of a member of the Guv'ment to secure special privileges for a bizness wot 'e was connected with. You couldn't do anythink to git yoreself more disliked. But I'll tell yer wot, sir—every patriotic man an' woman with any decent feelin' in the country is be'ind you and will back you up. Keep on goin' at 'em about uninterned Germans, German banks, an' German biznisses. But keep within the rules of the 'Ouse, sir, for I'll bet they'd nab you if they could. . . . Thank you, sir. Goo' day, sir. Much erbliged, I'm shore.

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"NEWCASTLE EVENING CHRONICLE":—
"Von Kuehlman in Reichstag said: . . . THE IDEA OF A VICTORY FOR THE ENTENTE IS A 9-2 ST. NATHEY, 5-4 GALLEY LAW, 6-1 RAGMAN."

"MY WEEKLY" (advertisement):—
"Rheumatism, gout, lumbago, constipation, biliousness, neuralgia, bad skin. GUARANTEED."

"WALSALL PIONEER":—
"The classes arranged for (a flower-show) tomorrow are: Bunch of Flowers, THREE NOSES (distinct) and Buttonhole."

"HEXHAM COURANT":—
"The newest Gotha . . . can carry bombs of a ton weight, but the German machines that are hospitals in France continue to use smallish bombs."

"ISLE OF WIGHT TIMES":—
"Alfred George Young . . . SINGLE, said he had A WIFE AND TWO CHILDREN and a widowed mother to keep."

"ULVERSTON NEWS" (advertisement):—
"Axminster Carpet Square . . . always retain its freshness and OUTWEAR SEVERAL CHAPERONES."

"NORTH WESTERN DAILY MAIL" (advertisement):—
"Wanted, Furnished Apartments by NEWLY-MARRIED COUPLE WITHOUT CHILDREN."

"YORKSHIRE TELEGRAPH AND STAR":—
"I hope that if the Government grant an increase to soldiers' wives they will INCREASE THE WIVES OF SOLDIERS ALL ROUND."

SIR H. RIDER HAGGARD (in "Beatrice"):—
"Lady Honoria entered the room, a sweet, if rather set SMILE upon her handsome FIGURE."

No Smells from Cooking now I use "Milton"

In most homes one can tell when they're going to have cabbage for dinner by the smell in the Drawing-room.

But not if they have discovered the secret of using MILTON.

Until MILTON was discovered, there was no way of avoiding cooking smells. But Milton has found a way. If MILTON is used, no smells will emanate from the kitchen.

Get a shilling bottle of MILTON to-day. With it you will get a little booklet of fifty-nine household recipes.

No. 28 reads as follows:—

Smells from cooking
How to avoid

If it is desired to avoid the objectionable smells which permeate a house or flat when cabbage, cauliflower, onions or other vegetables are cooking, or when "cabbage water" is poured off, immerse the vegetables in a mixture of 1 part MILTON to 60 to 80 parts cold water (say 1 to 1½ tablespoonfuls MILTON to each quart of water), and let them soak in this mixture 30 to 45 minutes before cooking. Then pour off MILTON solution, and cook vegetables in the ordinary way, with salt and a pinch of soda if desired. The vegetables so treated are not only safer but also more palatable

Try this and you will be delighted at the result. So will your husband

MILTON is sold in 1/- and 2/- Bottles

(The 2/- bottle contains 2½ times as much as the 1/-)

To be obtained from all Dealers.

MILTON MANUFACTURING CO Ltd. 125 Bunhill Row, London, E.C.1, and 64 Wellington Street, Glasgow

"TOMMY AND JACK."

Dealing also with the Discharged Sailor and Soldier and their Dependents.

OUR PLEDGE.—"No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean close-paring, shall go unchallenged and unremedied."—*Horatio Bottomley*, 19th August, 1916.

"TOMMY."

Congratulations:—We are glad to know that the influence of JOHN BULL has had beneficial effect at Marske-by-the-Sea, Yorkshire. If matters are not further improved, we shall have something more to say later on.

A Kilties' Kick:—The London Scottish fellows at Chisledon Camp have sent us a list of complaints. The Scotsman is proverbially supposed to live on very little food; at Chisledon he appears to be provided with the irreducible minimum. At the same time he is given work that demands full rations, and we are afraid that bullying is not unknown.

Speeding Up:—From various camps we hear that more or less unfit soldiers are being given A1 duties and drills. We agree that it is necessary to make our men fit again as quickly as possible, owing to the present situation, but suggest that the system in question only results in permanently unfitting a large proportion of the men.

Free Amusement:—Visitors at New Brighton are minus the pleasures given by the usual seaside buskers and minstrels, but they assemble in large numbers and watch the unfortunate soldiers between forty-eight and fifty-seven years of age, who are put through squad drills on the sands. But what is fun for the holiday makers is not fun for the men.

Ladies Only:—Two very tired wounded soldiers sat down to rest the other day on a seat in a public garden behind the St. George's Hall, Liverpool. The keeper moved them on, as the seat was for ladies only. Who is supposed to look after the seats set apart for wounded soldiers only about the pier-head, which are usually occupied by women and children?

A Curmudgeon:—Some time ago we noted a drawback at Frognal Camp, and were glad to know that subsequently a trio of Staff Officers visited the place, and matters were remedied. The officers now complain that they have no sources of amusement whatever, and that when they asked permission to convert an old barn into a billiard room they were refused by some person in high authority. We must visit Frognal again.

The Profiteers of Thetford:—Matters are not too good in the camp at Thetford, but the grievances are not confined to the area ringed around by the red-caps. The lodging-house people place both hands in the pockets of soldiers' wives and others who elect to spend their time there. It is not uncommon for a woman who pays 7s. 6d. a week for a house to charge two guineas for a couple of rooms.

The Newest Order:—Sound the loud timbrel! Tommy at home has now something to make up for his shortness of rations. The newest Order lays down that saluting with the left hand has been abolished. At the same time, any man who has lost his right arm may carry on with the left. *Now* we shall win the war!

Notwithstanding the Push:—General leave is on again, but it is rationed. However, it is cheering to see the very large numbers of men who entrain nightly at our London railway stations for their homes in the country. This symptom of our strength should cheer up the feeble ones who would have us believe that we cannot spare a single infantryman from France.

A Leave Injustice:—Each regiment keeps leave roster, and the men are allowed home in rotation. Many thousands of our soldiers at the Front are shifted from Company to Company, and when they join the new Company their names are placed at the bottom of the leave list. Thus very large numbers have had no leave since the war began. We are out to see that Tommy gets his rights, and we put it to General Headquarters in France that this is a hardship that should be remedied at once. It certainly would be if Lord Derby were at the War Office.

"JACK."

Wait and See:—Many wives of H.M. sailors continue to ask us when they will receive the concessions money granted quite a time ago. As we have not seen into the skulls of the Accountant-General and other officials of the Navy, we really cannot answer.

The Holiday Sailors:—We have commented upon the able-bodied young fellows who run steam launches about Invergordon, and suggested that they should be sent out on Active Service, and their jobs given to disabled sailors. What is to be done?

"THE SILVER BADGERS."

Secretaries of discharged sailors' and soldiers' organisations, in sending cases of injustice or official information, should mark their envelopes "Silver Badgers."

Fit Work for Badgers:—There is a Government department for propaganda by films. For some extraordinary reason which no "fellah" (except an official) could possibly understand, it is under the control of the Navy and Army Canteen Board; so that Board, evidently, is responsible for the presence of men graded as high as A1, with no more service to do than arrange programmes, book and select films, and other such simple tasks—girls' work, done by girls in the employ of big producers. Silver badgers should have these berths.

Anonymous Bounty:—Somebody in Scotland wants a caretaker for offices—application to H.5676, c.o. the *Edinburgh News*. The "drawings," which we take to mean the salary, are stated to be "about £20, less area house rent £16, and taxes," so that there will be a stipend of something less than £13 per annum for the lucky applicant, independent of all outgoings. Modestly, the advertiser suggests that these gilded prospects may appeal to "a pensioner or two sisters," although he will have "no soldiers' wives."

The Funk-holers Once Again:—When the Chester Board of Guardians proceeded recently to appoint a Registrar of Births and Deaths, the Registrar-General advised that preference should be given to a discharged soldier or sailor. There were two applicants—Mr. W. S. Stockton, a civilian, and partner in the firm of the late Registrar, and Mr. Allen Hull, who has lost a leg, and had already acted as Deputy Registrar. The civilian got the job; but we are glad to know that, owing to the action of "higher authority," the decision of the Board was reversed.

History Does Not Repeat Itself:—A similar case arose at the meeting of the Greenwich Union Guardians the other day. A Registrar of Births and Deaths was wanted, and the running was between a fair lady, Miss M. A. White, and a discharged soldier named Harding. The woman won, as the Committee had pointed out that during the present crisis "the women of England had acted well. The same "higher authority" has power to remove the lady, and we earnestly hope will exercise it. We cannot allow gallantry to stand in the way of honourable treatment of the men who have also "during the present crisis acted well"!

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

(Registered under the Act of 1916 as "The John Bull War Sufferers' Fund.")

This fund affords immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors stranded for want of money. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses.

Among the numerous cases we assisted during the week were the following:—

A Long Illness:—A soldier's wife has been invalided for a year. She has four children, who are being cared for at the cost of two-thirds of her allowance, and she has a doctor's bill which at the time of her application had been worrying her greatly and retarding her recovery. Matters are a bit easier for her now.

"Down and Out":—A poor fellow has tried to keep on working since his discharge from the Army, but has had to lie by at last, owing to ill-health. He came from across the water to do his bit and has no friends here, but has little children looking to him for support. He lost his father in the South African campaign, and two brothers in the present war.

Physical Wrecks:—The wife of a pensioner (who is unable to work) appealed to us to help her defray some of the expenses incurred through a serious illness of two of her daughters, who have undergone operations. She herself is now awaiting admission into hospital, but before going is anxious to pay off some of the arrears of rent.

A Chronic Invalid:—Asthma is responsible for the helpless condition of an applicant who has been a sufferer since his discharge from the Service. He is on pension, but finds the amount inadequate for the needs of himself and child. Our prompt assistance tided things over a bit.

Mischief:—Part of the little home of a soldier's wife has been destroyed by fire, the things being uninsured. Some articles are needed for everyday use, and without them she could not carry on with the work she has to do to supplement her allowance, received on behalf of her husband now in France.

Some Further Cases:—

Soldier's wife down with influenza; two children, both delicate.

Discharged man suffering from re-opening of wound. Off work, and cannot live on pension.

Sailor's wife in debt through long illness; three children, one of them out to nurse.

Widow, only son called up; cannot live on her small income, and unable at present to work through failing eyesight.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

WHAT HAVE *YOU* GIVEN?

Proceeds of Dance, East Africa Ivy Corps, Nairobi (per J. D. R.), £20; "A British Reader," 3s.; "Clerk of Section 44 T.F.," 5s.; R. S. (Godmin), 7s.; P. B. (Latham), 6d.; W. P., 2s. 6d.; N. T., 3s.; H. J. (Southend), £2 2s.; "Ivy Mary," 2s.; "A Schoolmaster, 1s.; "Pale," 3s.; "Canary," £1; Mrs. D. (Leith), 1s.; T. L. (B.E.F.), 1s. 9d.; "Portland Bill," 5s. 1d.; B. C., 2s. 3d.; L. H. (Carnarvon), 5s. 8d.; J. A. W. (Elgin), 3s.; E. C. (Peterhead), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. J. G. M. (Dundee), 2s. 6d.; "Johnnie," 2s. 6d.; H. T. S. (Dartford), £2 2s.; "Workman," 1s.; Mrs. M. A. C. (Ratton), 9s.; Ship's Company, H.M.S. *Epsom* (per E. J. D.), £5; "Anzac," 6d.; Mrs. M. G. (Glasgow), 6d.; Mrs. J. A. S. (Glasgow), 4s.; T. M. (Glasgow), 2s. 6d.; H. L., 6s.; "Sufferer" (Liscard), £5; Anon., 2s. 6d.; K. K., 2s.; W. T. (Southwark), 10s.; Mr. W., 1s.; "Anxious Mother" (Sussex), 1s.; W. M. F., 2s.; Mrs. E. K. D., 1s.; F. B. C., 1s.; A. A. (Birmingham), 2s. 6d.; Captain, Officers and Crew of s.s. *Burnholme*, £2 5s.; D. L. (Fife), 2s. 6d.; P. W. (Dundee), 3s. 6d.; "Mary" (Ripon), 2s. 6d.; "Old Guardsman," £1 1s.; Anon. (Kirkby-in-Ashfield), 2s. 6d.; "Sympathiser," 10s.; "Francol," 5s.; "A Constant Trier," 2s. 6d.; T. R. (Acton), 3s.; "A Few of the Tower Cinema Workers" (Hull), 6s.; "The Boys in Blue, Ward 12" (Shorncliffe), 7s.; "Pedal," 10d.; "Shaykyt," £2; J. W. (Harringay), 2s.; "An Old Reader and Buteuite," 1s.; "Iyo Maru," 10s.; Mrs. M. E. W., 2s. 6d.; C. J. F., 3s.; Guine Dept., V.E.C., Croydon (per F. B. T.), £1 5s.; "In Memory of Bruce," 2s. 6d.; "One You Don't Know," 10s.; "Kat's Eye," 1s.; A. G. (Leyton), 5s.; J. F., 5d.; Officers and Crew of H.M.S. *Paladin II.* (per J. ...), £2; A. W., 1s.; "A Friend," 4s.; N. M. (Scarborough), 1s.; D. J. C., 6d.; E. M. K., 10d.; C. H., 10s.; F. W. (Grimsby), 1s.; "One of the Many Tired Wives," 1s.; G. C. (Durban), 10s.; Mrs. J. P., 2s.; W. E. D., £1; B. S. (Torquay), 10s.; "One Who Feels For Another," 2s.; "Oakdale Road," 2s.; W. H. (Liverpool), 17s. 6d.; "Traveler," 5s.; "Benton," 2s. 6d.

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only should be forwarded in the first instance.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 93, Long Acre, W.C. 2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, *or* LEGAL *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, or Legal Editor, and must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. No fee is charged in respect of other inquiries. Full names and addresses should be given.*

"AU REVOIR" (R.W.F.).—"Good old John! Keep on showing the Heads up." Till we get their tails down.

J. M. S. (Auckland, N.Z.).—There is little difference in our views. We must fight to a knock-out if we want a peace that will end war.

E. B. (Clapham).—"The calling-up of men of 51 makes me think how badly the Government has kept its promise." The Government never keeps anything—except office.

R. O. (Liverpool).—We *must* allow a few advertisements in the paper. How else should we live?

A. B. (Hasiemere).—"Berlin Stakes: Finish of Race," two previous.

H. W. (Weston).—"We beg you to give us a rousing leading article on the Irish question." Which Irish question? We could rouse about 140.

F. S. (Coventry).—Sorry cannot undertake to pronounce upon the merits of war inventions. What with one job and another, we owe ourselves quite a lot of sleep already.

CAPT. R. C. H. (Curragh Camp).—No one, as far as we know, has "an axe to grind" in regard to the Maxim gun. We're not in the grindery business, anyway.

W. O. M. (Manchester).—We wish the British Empire Union well. More power to its efforts to purge the country of the Hun influence in our midst.

RIFLEMAN B. (Salisbury).—You must know we have never written a single word against the loyalty, devotion, and bravery of the Irish soldier. We've never even thought one.

"2ND LIEUT." (Witney).—A welcome and thoughtful letter from a Yank in our Army. He wants "to join our League of Hate." Elected, with three cheers and a tiger.

C. A. W. C. (Sudbury).—"Who were the members of the War Cabinet who advised raising the age limit to 51?" Our reporter, who was under the table, says all are equally guilty.

T. A. W. (Old Charlton, S.E.).—Of course, it was mad folly before the war to let the Kaiser into our military secrets, but at the time our protests were drowned in cocoa slop.

"ANGELUS" (Westcliff-on-Sea).—As you say, the Angelus is "a beautiful idea," and it happens also to be one we have done our best to popularise.

"REGISTERED READER" (Brixton).—We have already dealt with the subject you mention. You should consult an oculist.

J. S. (Seven Kings).—Railway companies want full particulars now about applicants for season tickets. As the object is to detect wrong 'uns, no good man should turn nasty about it.

"TOMMY ROT" (Edinburgh).—We note your threat to "renounce our publication." If we are short of twopence we shall know what has happened.

G. S. (Edinburgh).—Dangerous game giving "thick ears" to policemen. Some of them are awfully touchy.

R. M. (King's Heath).—"An earthquake would be a relief." Perhaps a dose of cooling medicine might suit you as well, and come cheaper.

G. F. M. (Forest Hill).—Rumour has it that the Germhun banks in London are to be closed. We shall believe it when we see the shutters up.

"CANADIAN" (Hosp., Shorncliffe).—A female temperance crank in Ottawa tells the women of Canada they are "bringing destruction on soldiers by sending them cigarettes." Either she was born crazy, or has got the habit.

"IMPERIAL HIGHNESS" (Vet. Corps).—Thanks for tip about that "enormous deposit of alluvial gold"; but if two Scotsmen are already on the job, you can depend on it they're collecting all the samples.

"CONSTANT" (Kensington).—We certainly do think British convents should be open to Government inspection.

J. F. C. (B.E.F.).—Thanks for your sketch on post-card. Is that man with the pack and the whiskers one of the 51st Methusceliers?

REV. A. B. (Blackdown).—Want us to print a song sung by Conchies, to oblige you? Sorry cannot, till they sing to a different tune.

"SCT." (Randalstown).—"A guard of N.C.O. and six men is detailed every night to guard the beer barrels, both empty and full." To which variety is their more serious attention directed?

W. C. J. (L'pool).—"Permit me to tender to you the following lines." Certainly. *What* a swallow our W.P.B. has!

THE ACTING GENERAL MANAGER, BOURNEMOUTH GAS CO., informs us that, although, as we stated, they wrote to the Corporation that it would probably be necessary to increase the price of gas at Midsummer in order to meet the additional expenditure entailed by the recent wages award, they subsequently postponed the matter for the time being. We are glad to hear it.

"FOUR COMMON SAILORS."—"The manageress said, 'Chaps like you shouldn't come in.'" Take her at her word. She was waxy because you were too good for her hole of a shop.

"INQUIRER."—"Sir, insert following in your valuable paper." Paper is so valuable that your command cannot be obeyed—much as we like your spelling of "Wolwich."

REV. E. O'D. (Pendleton).—We have already (June 29th) noticed the *Universe* pamphlet, "The Pope and JOHN BULL," and we said, "All who wish to 'hear the other side' should read it." Obviously we cannot reprint a pamphlet of 14 pages.

T. V. (Devon).—Sorry to hear of the farmer's son who "shot off his toes," but trust your suspicion of his motives is unfounded. Perhaps his corns had been troubling him.

"LOVER OF JUSTICE" (Logoza, Zululand).—A pumpuritan is a man who demands that nobody shall have a drink because he does not want a drink himself. That is bigotry and intolerance, and we hate both.

C. H. (Morecambe).—"You have said all the poets are dead. I challenge you to visit Chancery Lane, to read my verse, and to revise your judgment." We will admit you are alive, and so save a journey.

C. T. M. (North Ealing).—We have already exposed the tricks of the Ejecthair Co., 682, Holloway Road, N. If you don't use the stuff, you won't have to pay for it. Take no notice of their accounts and threats.

A. W. A. (Club, Piccadilly).—"Thank Heaven, Handel Booth, M.P., won't get in again." And earth.

G. E. B.—"It is men like Charles Ridge who should have charge of German prisoners." Quite agree.

"SOLDIER'S WIFE AND A MOTHER" (Bath).—"We have to keep the home fires burning and the children in the pink till daddy comes home." While you do that, good lady, you need not care a hang for silly gossip.

E. McK. (Elgin).—Only fourteen, and "positively boiling with rage." Undo some buttons, simmer down, find a chum, and go and play at Elgin marbles.

PTE. T. G. C. (B.E.F.).—Mr. Pemberton Billing left the Air Service in February 1916, with the rank of Squadron-Commander.

"FAIR-PLAY IRISHMAN" (Belfast).—Your sentiments about "skulking behind a veil of silence" would read better if you did not skulk behind the veil of anonymity.

"REALLY INDISPENSABLE" (Watford).—Keep your hair on! We thought our paragraph made it quite clear that the young men of Watford, who boast that they cannot be touched, are employed in munition works.

J. W. H. (s.s. *Uskmouth*).—Thanks for your cheery letter. If only you could see how pleased we look, you would be more than repaid.

D. M. (Campbell's Land).—Not a bad breakfast for war time, surely. Did you expect a sucking-pig?

J. M. L. (Norfolk War Hospital).—We are still pegging away at the question of a Gallipoli decoration. Best wishes to the boys.

D. G. M. (Essex).—Your complimentary verses to hand. When did you first fall in love with us?

"CORPORAL" (Rugby).—A military funeral for a brave British Tommy who died at home through being gassed? The idea!—now, if he had been a hellish Hun——

R. B. (Manor Park).—In the words of the late Sir John Astley, "Let's cut the cackle and get to the hosses."

"FED UP."—Some time ago King Charles lost his head because he hadn't got sand enough; to sandbag his brazen effigy now is wasted energy, and a crazy joke on living London.

R. H. (Swansea).—"Are we really at war?" Yes, but keep it dark.

"DEAF MUTE" (London).—You puzzle us. If you are deaf, how do you know he challenged your fitness for the Army: and if you are mute, how could you call him an idiot?

H. B. (A.E.G.G.).—"Now, then, don't be shy. What's your candid opinion about my cartoon?" Rotten.

"SINCERELY" (London).—"Greatly amused with your crushing replies in your Letter Bag." That shows you haven't been crushed.

W. C. (Arley).—"The landlord opens about twice a fortnight, and then all the beer is mopped up by men from Coventry, the villagers getting none." The moppers should be sent to Coventry.

"DISGUSTED V.A.D."—A great strapping young man who goes to the hairdresser to have his face massaged should call next at the fish-and-chips shop and have it fried.

E. C. R. (Balham).—"Is it correct that 1900 was not a Leap Year?" Yes, as it is not divisible by 400. For instance, 2,000 will be a Leap Year.

E. H. (Liverpool).—"What is the population of Red Indians in America, Canada, and Alaska?" Mostly men, women, and children.

"ENGLISHMAN" (Dudley).—We have more than once had something to say in regard to the war bonus claims of the temporary Government clerks, and as occasion serves we may revert to the subject.

W. H. (Norwich).—Your letter is a trifle vague. Do you think you could manage to uncover a bit more of your mind?

PRIVATE A. T. (Manchester).—Sorry no room to print people's biographies. You'd better look out for a second-hand "Who's Who."

E. W. (Widnes).—We are entirely at one with the Air Council in their refusal to lend aeroplanes for War Loan stunts. The war's the thing.

"ANZAC" (Liverpool).—"On the eve of departure for Australia I thank you ——" Your compliments are appreciated, sir.

P. H. (Monmouth).—Good. That postman writes poetry with the facility of a sausage machine. We prefer sausage.

"PENSIONER WITH 20 YEARS' SERVICE" says that it is Sir Charles Wakefield and Col. Copeland, the Treasurer, who are chiefly responsible for the beggarly pensions of old Bedlam servants.

E. B. (Bradford.—"Was England allied to France and Russia before war was declared?" No; there was an *entente cordiale* — a friendly understanding, limited by eventualities.

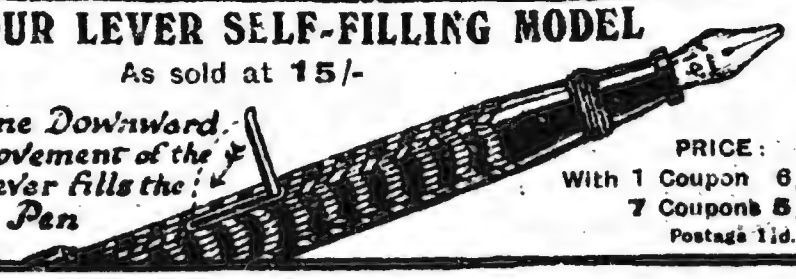
M. H. (North London).—Sorry, but cannot quite make out who it is that you "can't help loving." Not us, we hope?

"OLD COMPETITOR" (Manchester).—Glad to hear you secured such a substantial "Bullets" cash prize with your first attempt this year.

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

OUR LEVER SELF-FILLING MODEL

As sold at 15/-



PRICE:
With 1 Coupon 6/3
7 Coupons 5/3
Postage 1½d.

"JOHN BULL" Pen Coupon. Value 2d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 5s. and 1½d. stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a "John Bull" Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to 6 from "John Bull" from this date may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 2d. off the price. Thus, you may send 7 coupons, and P.O. for 2s. only, and 1½d. stamps for postage.

DE LUXE MODEL, 1s. Extra.

Address, Pen Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. *(July 13th, 1918.)*

P.O.'s should be made payable to John Bull, Ltd., and crossed & Co.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

COMPANY MEETING.

MARCONI INTERNATIONAL MARINE COMMUNICATION LTD.

The 18th ordinary general meeting of this company was held on the 2nd inst. at the Cannon Street Hotel, E.C.

Mr. Godfrey C. Isaacs (managing director), who presided, said he had hoped that their illustrious chairman, Senatore Marconi, who arrived in London on Sunday night, would have been able to take the chair. He had come here at the head of the Italian mission for the International Commercial Conference, and as his duties commenced that day, and would detain him during the whole of this week, he asked to be excused from attending the meeting. In the course of his speech, the Chairman, dealing first with the accounts, said: Our cash resources, both in regard to cash at bankers and investments in War Loans and in short loans against securities, together at the end of the year amounted to some £410,000, as compared with £75,000 at the end of 1916, this increase being accounted for by the new capital and by the accumulation of profits. The receipts from ships' telegrams, subsidies, etc., has increased from £270,000 to £470,000, and the profit carried to balance-sheet amounts to £192,000, as compared to £96,000 in the preceding year. I should point out to you here that the increase in the profit is due entirely to increase in the volume of the business.

We propose to carry forward £105,417 10s., subject to excess profits' duty for the years 1916 and 1917 when these amounts are finally agreed.

It became necessary for us, in order to meet the obligations which we had undertaken with the Board of Trade to provide for installations on board a large number of additional vessels, to increase the capital of the company to £1,000,000. This increase took place towards the end of the year, and therefore for the year under review we had practically no benefit from this new capital; but we are nevertheless paying the dividend upon the increased amount of £600,000 instead of £350,000, the amount of the capital in the previous year. Not only will the shareholders have received, if the shareholders endorse the directors' recommendation this afternoon, a dividend of 15 per cent. upon the shares for which they subscribed late in the year, but they have, I think, a very sound and improving security with the very substantial profit of about 20s. per share attached to their investment.

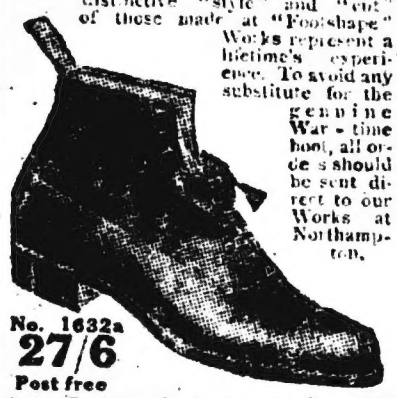
The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

GOVERNMENT WAR-TIME BOOTS

FIXED QUALITY! FIXED PRICES! FIXED PROFITS!

To provide the public with an opportunity of procuring reliable boots at reasonable prices, the Government have secured and FIXED the cost of the raw material, **decided** the selling price and **determined the margin of profit** on the finished article, known as a "War-time" or "Standard" boot.

In Northampton—recognised as the premier boot centre of the world—are produced the highest grade War-time boots, and the distinctive "style" and "cut" of those made at "Footshape" Works represent a lifetime's experience. To avoid any substitute for the genuine War-time boot, all orders should be sent direct to our Works at Northampton.



No. 1632a
27/6
Post free

is a Gent'eman's boot with Box Calf uppers in the design illustrated; stout War-time soles made on the Welt and Hand Sewn) principle; stitched welts; perfectly smooth inside; well made and finished.

Also made in Clace Kid, **No. 1732a**, at the same price.

Supplied in all sizes from 5 to 12, and in four different widths: No. 3 (narrow); No. 4 (medium); No. 5 (wide); No. 6 (extra wide).

Money refunded if you are not more than satisfied.

Our Complete Art Catalogue sent on receipt of 3d. stamps.	Special War-time Boot Display this week at our London Depot, 21 and 22, Cheapside, E.C.

Send your orders TO-DAY to
W. BARRATT & CO., LTD.,
Boot Manufacturers.
"Footshape" Works, Northampton.

ENERGY and PERSISTENCE

The great need of to-day is for energetic, persistent and efficient workers who are not deterred by difficulties. The exercise of these qualities makes great demands upon the human body: demands which may be met with the assistance of 'BYNOGEN.'

'BYNOGEN' is rich in Milk Protein, the most powerful of all body-builders; in phosphorus, the nerve builder; and in malt products which supply energizing carbo-hydrates. All these are combined to form a perfect concentrated food alike for hard workers and growing children.

'Bynogen' Trade Mark
Brings Health

Sold by all Chemists at 1/9, 3/-, 5/- & 9/-

ALLEN & HANBURYS Ltd.
Lombard Street, London, E.C. 3

Established in the City of London, A.D. 1715
B57

GAMAGE'S

GREAT PURCHASE of the remaining stock of
MACAURA
'PULSOCON'
HAND VIBRATORS
A Self-Massage Instrument

To be cleared at less than
ONE-SIXTH THE ORIGINAL PRICE
7/6
POST FREE.
Additional attachment for head, neck, face & ear massage, 1/- ex.
Booklet of Instructions with each Instrument.

The "Pulsocon" has proved its value in thousands of cases of
RHEUMATISM, RHEUMATIC GOUT SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, NEURITIS, HEADACHES, certain STOMACH TROUBLES, and some forms of DEAFNESS.

In order that you may form your own opinion as to the merits of this instrument, it will be sent you post free on the understanding that you may return within three days, when your money will be refunded in full.

Please mention this paper and send cash when ordering.

Thousands of other "Gamage" Bargains now being offered during our
SUMMER SALE JULY 1st to 13th.
Write for copy of sale list. The number issued is limited

A. W. GAMAGE, Ltd.
HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C.1.

"TIZ" A Joy to Sore, Tired Feet.

TIZ is just wonderful for sore, aching, swollen, perspiring feet and corns

"After the day's work, thanks to TIZ, I feel as fresh as a daisy."

Good-bye sore feet, burning feet, swollen feet, perspiring feet, tired feet.

Good-bye corns, hard skin, Bunions, and chilblains. No more shoe tightness, no more limping with pain or drawing up your face in agony. TIZ is magical, acts right off. TIZ draws out all the poisonous exudations which puff up the feet. Use TIZ and wear smaller shoes. Use TIZ and forget your foot misery. Ah! how comfortable your feet feel.

Don't forget to include TIZ in your parcel to the boys at the Front.

"I cannot speak too highly of TIZ," declares Nurse L. A. Clears, 22, Fawnbrake-avenue, Herne Hill, S.E. "It has given me wonderful relief after being a great sufferer from tender feet and bad corns. I have used TIZ three times and can now walk anywhere without discomfort."

Get a 1/3 box of TIZ now at any chemist's or stores. Don't suffer. Have good feet, glad feet, feet that never swell, never hurt, never get tired. A year's foot comfort guaranteed or money refunded.

If any difficulty in securing TIZ, write to W. L. Dodge, Ltd., 97, Charterhouse Square, E.C. 1.

SKIN TROUBLE?
Send for our Trial Bottle
FREE!

SKIN SUFFERERS.—Send to-day for a trial bottle absolutely free of the wonderful new skin discovery,

D.D.D. Prescription.

A liquid wash containing a most powerful element that sinks into the pores and gives INSTANT RELIEF in all cases of **ECZEMA, BAD LEG, RINGWORM, INSECT BITES, AND ALL SKIN TROUBLES.** Cures speedily, permanently. Kills and throws off the disease germs deeply buried in the skin. Cure begins with the very first application of this wonderful wash. **Send to-day for the free trial bottle.** Will give you instant relief from all itching distress, no matter how long you have suffered, and heals far more quickly than salves or ointments.

Send no money or stamps.

D. D. D. is obtainable at 2/6, of all chemists.

SEND FOR THE FREE SAMPLE TO-DAY.

D.D.D. LABORATORIES,
M.N. 10. Fleet Lane, London, E.C.4.

FREE COPY AWAITS YOU!

Send *your* address on a postcard and receive H. Samuel's Free Guide to 3,000 Bargains in handsome Jewellery, reliable Watches and Plate. A purchase from the Bargain Book is a sound investment, as high class Jewellery is steadily increasing in value.

H. SAMUEL,
199, Market St.
Manchester.
72 large branches throughout the United Kingdom.
H. SAMUEL, LTD.

LUMINOUS WRIST WATCH. Fully jewelled movement, nickel case **17/6**

GOOD-BY-EE
TO ALL BODY VERMIN
MOSQUITOES, GNATS & FLIES
Simply rub Parasitox on Skin and Seams of Clothing, etc.
Non-Greasy Stick 1/-
PARASITOX
THE SOLDIERS FRIEND PARA-SI-TOX
All Chemists, or post free
HEPPELL'S, 164, Piccadilly, W.

Foster Clark's

FOSTER CLARK'S 2d. SOUPS are a most wholesome substitute for Meat. Make them your daily food.
You simply add Water

2D SOUPS

THE NEW INFLUENZA.

"SoToL" The best way to avoid Influenza and other infections is to disinfect the Mouth and Throat every night and morning. The "SoToL" Habit ensures the scrupulous cleanliness of these passages, and makes for safety. Also effectual as a Nasal Douche. Delightful in use, and indispensable to cleanly people. Chemists sell 1/6 for 2s. 9d., 2/6 for 3s. 6d., or post free.
WESTERN DENTAL MANUFACTURING CO., LTD.,
74, Wigmore Street, London, W.1. Samples 3d. stamps.

THE "JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL, i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment either in full or of first instalment, and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns, we will refund the purchase money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase. All communications should be addressed to JOHN BULL Advertisement Department, 92, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

'BULLETS' HOLIDAY PRIZES!

2ND Prize £20 | **FIRST £200 PRIZE** | **3RD Prize £10**

40 PRIZES OF 10/- | 200 PRIZES OF 5/- | 1,000 PRIZES of 2/6 | 3,000 TARGET PRIZES

And 20 HOLIDAY PRIZES of £5 each

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the thirty-two examples given below. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the examples chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letters in the alphabet. These examples will guide you: Example—HAVING A SCRAP. Bullet:—ALWAYS WELCOMED IN IRELAND. Example:—ANNOYS FATHER. Bullet:—PAYING INCOME TAX. Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for Sixpence. If score coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent. Result of this competition will be found in our issue dated August 3rd. This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in EVERYWOMAN'S dated July 13th.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 293

THE FRENCH ARMY	OUR WOMEN	BUSINESS AS USUAL	ALL BRITISH
BREAD AND BUTTER	SHOCKING BEHAVIOUR	SHOULD BE PUNISHED	EXPERT LIAR
NOT AT WAR	SEASIDE FLAPPERS	A LONG DELAY	FOOLS ABOUT
THE AMERICAN WAY	GOING ON	NOTHING LIKE LEATHER	TAKEN IN
STANDARD SUITS	HAVING A SCRAP	WON'T ENTERTAIN	WHEN LOVE DEPARTS
NOW AND THEN	SO LONG	GERMANY WOULD LIKE	NEEDS REDRESSING
TOMMY	FIT FOR SERVICE	OVERDRAWN ACCOUNTS	ANNOYS FATHER
ANY OLD THING	RIGHT THERE	AFTER THE BOYS	THE KAISER'S MISTAKE

Closing Date, Thursday, July 18th

No.____
Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(293) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If a coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

Signed _____

Address _____

IF UNABLE TO SECURE EXTRA COUPONS YOU CAN WRITE YOUR "BULLETS" ON PLAIN PAPER.

Closing Date, Thursday, July 18th

No.____
Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(293) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If 2 coupons are used P.O. for 1/- must be sent.

Signed _____

Address _____

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 293. "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. Write "COMPETITION" in top left-hand corner of envelope

Next Week's Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 294.

SKY PILOTS	SEASIDE HONEYMOON	IN BRIGHTON	REPEATING THE DOSE
EVERYBODY'S FRIEND	FATHER TIME	AS THINGS GO	PRETTY FAST
UNDER PRESSURE	PACKED TIGHT	THE IRON CROSS	STAGGERING HUMANITY
LODGER'S COMPLAINT	GERMAN INVENTIONS	DELIVERING THE GOODS	DEAD SECRET
SLEEPING PARTNER	BUBBLE AND SQUEAK	MISTAKEN KINDNESS	THE KAISER'S IDEA

These examples can be made use of on the coupons above, and must reach us on or before **THURSDAY, JULY 25th.** All coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **294** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons must be addressed "Bullets" **No. 294,** "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such coupons must not contain any of the thirty-two examples for Competition **293.**

BULLETS RULES. 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. Both coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed ____ and Co.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Result of 290th "Bullets" Competition

FIRST PRIZE OF £200:

Miss B. BROADFOOT, 26, Leven Street, Glasgow.
Example:—TOMMY'S PHOTOGRAPH.
Bullet:—"STUCK UP"—HE ISN'T.

SECOND PRIZE OF £20:

Mr. W. H. FORD, "Thornley," 8, Wheatland Drive, Lanark.
Example:—MIXED BATHING.
Bullet:—"GLASS" POINTS TO "FAIR."

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:

Mr. G. W. GEE, 43, Stanhope Road, Swadlincote, near Burton-on-Trent.
Example:—GERMANY AND AUSTRIA.
Bullet:—WON'T "FINISH" ALLIES.

FIVE PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

Mrs. F. M. PORTER, Hadleigh, Essex:
MIXED BATHING—SHORTAGE OF INGREDIENTS NOW.

Mr. F. H. TOWNSIN, Chapel Lane, Leasingham, Sleaford:
GOING STRONG—BOTTOMLEY'S "WELL ORDERED" JOURNAL.

Mrs. IVY PERRY, 8, Hopewell Terrace, Bushbury, near Wolverhampton:
THE KAISER'S WORD—LIKE PARIS, NOT TAKEN.

Mr. J. H. WILLIAMS, 21, Derby St., Birkenhead, Ches.:
MIXED BATHING—"SPRINKLING" OF FLAPPERS ENJOYED.

Mr. C. SIMS, "Sunnyside," Earlswood Road, Redhill:
CAPITAL AND LABOUR—BOTTOMLEY "JOINING UP" SOON.

TEN PRIZES OF £1 EACH:

Mr. P. J. DOYLE, 1, Shelley Road, Hove:
IMPROVES WITH KEEPING—NOT TOWN GERMANS OCCUPY.

Mr. J. P. SEOWEN, 4, Electricity Works Cottages, Morehall, Folkestone:
MIXED BATHING—MORE MIXING THAN BATHING.

Pte. A. E. JOHNS, 121, Albert St., Regent's Pk., N.W.:
BOARDING-HOUSE FARE—DOESN'T PRODUCE "FULL-BLOWN" OPTIMISTS.

Mrs. H. STURGESS, 6, Chatteris Rd., Walworth, London:
SEASIDE DONKEY—MORE "EARS" THAN "CORN."

Mrs. M. MAHONY, 5, Theberton St. West, Islington, N.:
GOING STRONG—THOSE WHO "BLOW" LEAST.

Miss E. WILLIAMS, 16, Platts Crescent, Amblecote, Stourbridge:
SWEET NOTHINGS—FOR GERMAN LOAN SUBSCRIBERS.

Mr. A. ANDERSON, 11, Oliver Street, Nottingham:
AFTER NIGHT OUT—"CALLING UP" DOESN'T "APPEAL."

Mr. C. NEAL, 41, Belvedere Rd., Bexley Heath, Kent:
SEASIDE DONKEY—NOT THE HOUSE-AGENT.

Mr. A. DAVIS, 45, Boscombe Rd., Shepherd's Bush, W.:
PAYING THE PRICE—EVERYBODY BLAMING THE "BUTCHER."

Miss N. RIDEALGH, 17, Salem Street, Sunderland:
IMPROVES WITH KEEPING—"SOMETHING IN HAND," FIGHTING.

List of 180 Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition 290 will be published in next week's Competitors' Journal." Complete List of all Cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

'JOHN BULL'S' GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE

We are giving, absolutely **FREE OF CHARGE,** an insurance against ZEPPELIN and all other AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, or BLOCKADE.

Anyone can be insured irrespective of sex or age, but a separate coupon must be filled in for each person.

Remember, the Ordinary Fire and Accident Policies afford no protection whatever against war risks.

The full conditions governing this scheme will appear in JOHN BULL *from time to time.*

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

In respect of any registered reader (man, woman or child), who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named	£200
For the loss of two limbs or both eyes, or one eye and a limb	£200
For the loss of one limb or one eye	£100
Per week for total temporary disablement for a period not exceeding 13 weeks	£3
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

ORDER FORM

TO BE ARRANGED BY NEWSAGENT.

To.....Newsagent.

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

July 13th, 1918

You must also fill in the Registration Form, which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

REGISTRATION FORM

Which must be posted to—
The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, W.C.2.

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

.....Newsagent

of.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee .....

Address .....

Signature of Insured.....
(Mr. Mrs., or Miss)

Home address.....

July 13th, 1918. .....

Enclose 1d. stamp if an acknowledgment of receipt of coupon is required.

PROTECT YOUR WRIST WATCH WITH A

Mesh-Guard

Pat. No. 105694

BRITISH MADE.
NEAT-ORNAMENTAL. SIMPLE-STRONG-ABSOLUTE PROTECTION. INSIST ON THE

WRIST WATCH **"Mesh-Guard"**

In The Little Envelope Showing Officer's Cuff Trade Mark.

Heavily Silver Plated on High-grade Nickel Silver 1/-

ROLLED GOLD or H. M. SILVER 2/6

If unable to obtain, write Mesh-Guard Advt. Dept. 40, Diamond House, Hatton Garden, London, E.C.1.

For every boot and every shoe there is a Paton Lace. And by purchasing
PATON'S
BOOT & SHOE
LACES
you guard against the annoyance of continually breaking laces. Paton's Laces are quality laces, made of hundreds of mercerised threads so as to give long service. They never become shabby as the dyes are fast—so are the tags.
ALL BRITISH. per pair
Boot Laces for Ladies and Gent's 3d. & 4d.
Shoe Laces (flat and tubular) do. 4d.
Leather Laces do. 6d. & 9d.
Your own dealer can supply you if you insist on Paton's.
PATON'S LTD., Johnstone, Scotland.

I had a big balance left

Rail Fares Paid
Customers' Fares to town paid on all orders of £20 and over.

Country Orders
packed free of charge and forwarded carriage paid. Orders by post carefully and promptly dealt with by a Special Manager.

MY wife and I had worked it out beforehand. We knew just what furniture we wanted, and exactly how much we were prepared to pay for it. At the Midland Salons the whole thing went without a hitch. They gave us £100,000 worth of really beautiful furniture to choose from. We found precisely what we required, and when the bill was made out, the whole cost was a long way under our estimate.

Money buys more at the 'Midland.'

You've only to compare the plainly marked 'Midland' prices with what you would be charged elsewhere for furniture of anything like the same quality. You will see for yourself that the 'Midland' price is the bargain price, every time. If you decide to pay cash, you get 10% discount. If you prefer to avail yourself of the 'Midland' Ideal Terms, you can furnish out of income, without paying a penny extra for credit, or interest, or deposit, or any extras whatsoever.

10% Discount for Cash and War Loan Scrip.

Specimen of Handsome Dining-room Suite on Jacobean lines.

Ideal Terms
(Town or Country).

Worth.	Per Mth.
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